

MARK STILES.

"Come," said James Wilson, to Mark Stiles, "Come with me this afternoon, and gather nuts. Father says I may have all I can get on the farm, and if you will go with me, and assist about it, we will divide them, and you can sell your part, and get the money."

Mark. I will go with you, James, because you never laugh about my ragged clothes, and call me an idle, dirty fellow, as the other boys do. I never take any comfort with them.

James. I would never laugh at you, but now I think you will let me tell you kindly, that you ought to work, and get you some clothes, and go to the week school, and Sabbath School, and not idle away your time, as you do. Father will hire you some, and I will get father Thompson to employ you, if you will only but work.

M. You never knew, James, all the trials I have. I am not as bad as you think for. You know father spends every cent he can get for rum, and I have not any own mother to care for me. Often I have been out, and worked hard at haying, for some of the farmers, and got money, and put it away where I supposed it would be safe; but when I went to get it, it would be

Gone—father or mother having spent it, and I am completely discouraged.

J. Well now, I will tell you how to do. I never knew all this before. What money you can earn, bring to me, and I will keep it for you, until you can get enough to buy you some clothes. And I will get mother to give you a suit of mine, to wear to meeting, and you shall go with me.

M. I thank you. I will from this time try to do the best I can.



When the boys came to the wood, where the nuts were, they found a lady attentively watching a squirrel, who was gathering its winter store. She soon commenced talking with them, and she told them how

much she had been amused and instructed, by watching that little squirrel. She said it had been just as busy as it could be, carrying away the nuts, she supposed, into its house, that it got prepared to live in through the winter, as it would be absent but a little while, and then return, and get more. She thought it taught them that they should never be idle, but always be doing something useful, so as not to be a burden to their parents or friends. Besides, when they came to die, God would call them to an account, for the manner in which they spent the time that he had given them. *Mark* thought the lady meant him, all the time, and he resolved, and resolved nobly, that for the future, he would be as busy as the squirrel. He went to work, got his clothes, went to the week school, and Sabbath School, and was one of its brightest scholars; and in thirty years from that time, he sat as chief Judge of the county in which he lived.

Now, children, when you see any little boys or girls that are not doing as they ought, do not laugh at them, or teaze them, but try to win them by your kindness. Tell them their faults affectionately, and beg of them to go with you, as little James did, and may be you will do a great deal of good. Always be busy about something that will be useful to yourself, or some one, and never allow yourselves to be idle.

[*Christian Secretary.*]

MARY, ELLEN, AND THE TIN BOX.

In a visit to one of the Boston schools, one of the children asked me—

"What does this mean, '*It is more blessed to give than to receive*'?"

"Children," I asked, "can any of you tell what it means?"

A little girl, whose name was Mary, answered—

"I had a piece of cake the other day. I broke it into six pieces, and gave five of them to five other children, who were playing with me, and kept the smallest myself."

"Is not that what it means?" asked another girl, named Ellen.

"Yes, Ellen," I replied, "I think it is pretty near the meaning. I know a boy by the name of Clark. He has several brothers and sisters. If Clark gets an apple, an orange, grapes, plums, or any thing, his brothers and sisters are always sure to get the largest share, and often the whole. When they have any thing, Clark never teases them to give to him; but they often plead earnestly with him to take. When he sees he cannot refuse to take without hurting their feelings, he always takes what they offer. I once asked Clark, why he was not as willing to receive from his brothers and sisters as he was to give to them.

"Because," said the noble brother, "I feel better when I give to them than I do when they give to me."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I am afraid they will not have enough," said he.

"What of that?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "how could I enjoy any thing when I am thinking all the time they want it, and that they go without for the sake of giving to me?"

"True, Clark, I see not how you could," I answered.

After I had related this story, Mary spoke and said, "I think I should be more happy to give than to receive." Poor girl! she did not know her own heart, for it was soon brought to the test.

Ellen took up a painted tin box belonging to Mary, and was looking at it.

"That is mine," said Mary, and snatched it away with some violence.

Ellen gave it up very quietly, and then said, "Do let me look at it, Mary. It is so pretty."

"I shall not," said Mary, "for it is mine, and you had no business to touch it."

"Dear Mary," said I, "do you really think it is more blessed to give than to receive? You said, just now, you thought you should be more happy to give than to receive. You do not look very happy now, at any rate."

Poor girl! she was cut to the heart. She instantly gave the box to Ellen, hung her head, and began to weep.

"Children," said I to the school, "which do

you think would have made Mary most blessed—to have given up the box to Ellen, and let her look at it as much as she pleased, or to snatch it away as she did?"

All answered, "She would have been most blessed to have given it up."

"So I think," I replied. "You do not feel so happy, Mary, as you would have done if you had told Ellen kindly, when she took up your box, that she might look at it as much as she pleased."

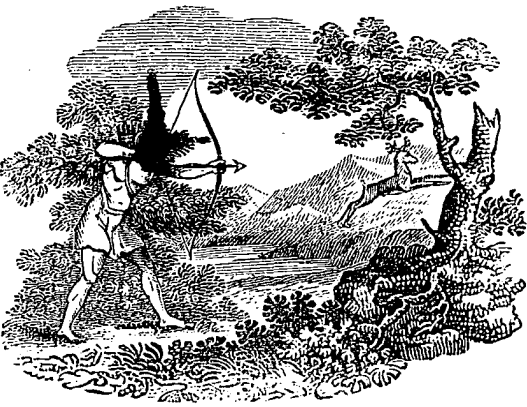
"If we feel right," I remarked to the children, "we shall give up our lives to save the lives of others, rather than take away their lives to save our own."

"If they are our enemies, and are trying to kill us," asked Sarah, "should we feel happier to give up our lives rather than take theirs?"

"If we really feel that it is more blessed to give than receive," I replied, "I think we should. Suffer and die for the good even of your enemies, rather than make them suffer and die for your good. If we practice this precept, as Jesus did, it will prevent all wars, and settle all difficulties, without any violence."

How blessed, then, must be our heavenly Father; for he is always giving, and never receiving! Giving makes blessed, not receiving.

[A Kiss for a Blow.]



NEVER TEMPT A MAN TO BREAK A GOOD
RESOLUTION.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF EARLY TIMES.

About the year 1776, a circumstance occurred, which deserves to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early became friends of the English. Their favorite ground was on the banks of the river, now the Thames, between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exist, and they are sacredly protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated Chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals, whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of 50, several members of the royal family, who stood between Zachary and the throne of his tribe, died, and he found himself with only one between him and the empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway and he reflected seriously. "How can such a drunken wretch as I am, aspire to be the chief of this honorable race? Can I succeed to the great Uncas! I will drink no more."

He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story, and did not entirely believe it; for, young as I was, I had already partook in the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital.

My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me, to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed ale on the table. I addressed

the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife—leaned forward with stern intensity of expression; his bright eyes sparkling with indignation was fixed on me. "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! I tell you that I am an Indian! I tell you that I am, and that, if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to ruin, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never tempt a man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian with deep feeling of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of 80, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.

[Col. John Trumbull.]

NORTH ENDERS AND SOUTH ENDERS.

There is a North-End and a South-End to the city of Boston; and time was when the children of the different Ends were as much estranged from each other as if the Atlantic ocean rolled between them. They lived in a state of perpetual hostility, and often disturbed the whole city by their quarrels. Clubs, stones, brickbats, and other missiles, were used in these fights between the north-enders and south-enders. The following was told me by a man, who, when about ten years old, was engaged in the fight.

A few of the south-end boys met some of the north-end boys in an open square, near where Cornhill now is. One of the north-enders knocked off the hat of one of the south-enders. The south-ender struck the north-ender. The north-ender then struck back. Then at it they went, furious as wolves. The north-ender got the south-ender down. The south-enders all rushed to the rescue of their comrade. Then the north-enders came to the help of theirs, so that the fight became general. News of it soon spread. South-enders and north-enders came pouring in from all parts of the city, arranging themselves according to the side of the line on which they happened to have been born; for those who lived at the south-end must fight with the south-enders, and all who lived at the north-end must fight with the north-enders; no matter which side was in the right. The boys never asked which side was right; but after the war was declared and the fight had commenced, each one must fight for his end of the town, right or wrong; and he was branded as a traitor, who would not fight for his end, though he knew it to be in the wrong. Several hundred boys, on each side, pelted each other with stones and brickbats, clubs and fists, till late in the evening; the older people looking on, but not interrupting the bloody fight—thinking that such wrathful conflicts tended to give courage and hardihood to their boys. Several had their limbs broken, some their teeth knocked out, two or three their eyes put out, and one was so injured that he died, leaving a poor widowed mother to mourn his loss.

All this bruising, maiming, mutilating and killing, merely because one boy knocked off another's hat! But it is as right for boys to mutilate and kill each other for knocking off a hat, as for men to maim and murder each other for insults or for kingdoms. Both are wrong.

England and France lie about twenty miles apart—the straits of Dover running between them. Within four hundred and fifty years, the French and English have been at war two hundred and twenty-six years; and on both sides twenty-six millions of men have been slain. No reason can be assigned for these wars, more valid than this; the French live on the south side of the straits of Dover—the English on the north. The north side was *England*—the south *France*; therefore they killed each other. Just as the boys of Boston did. The only reason they could assign for their mutual hostility was, one party were south-enders, the other north-enders. All who were born in the north were bound, by birth, to defend the honor and reputation of their end; and all who were born in the south end were bound to stand up for their end. The reputation of either end depended not on doing right, but on gaining a victory. The reputation of the north-enders would be more injured by being beaten by the south-enders, than by committing the grossest wrongs and outrages on them. They were birth-right enemies, as they were taught to believe. A north-ender, in the opinion of south-enders, was not a brother and a playmate, but simply and solely a north-ender—

an enemy. A Frenchman, in the estimation of England and English diplomacy, is not a friend and brother, but a Frenchman. So as Englishmen and Frenchmen, being birth-right enemies, as they suppose, they can meet and kill each other. They could not do this as human beings —as brothers.

[*A Kiss for a Blow.*

Sold by B. B. Mussey, 20 Cornhill, Boston.

NARRATIVE.

THE BEST ON THE OUTSIDE.

I remember, when very young, walking through the market with my grandfather, and stopping at a stall where a man sold fruit. I saw some very fine filbert-nuts; so paying my money, I soon had a pint of them put into my hat crown. After I had walked a little way, "Grandfather," said I, "that man is a sad rogue, for I have so many bad nuts and leaves in my hat, that I am sure he must have *put all the best on the outside.*"

My grandfather smiled at me and my filbert-nuts, telling me that before I got much older I should find that not only this man, but a great many other people in the world were accustomed to *put the best on the outside.* Soon after we came to a show that took up all my attention. There was a grand picture on the outside—Tip-poo Sul-taun, with his turban on his head, giving up his two sons to Lord Cornwallis; several tigers were painted behind them, and as the showman cried out, "All alive! all alive!" I begged my grandfather to let me see the great people. In we went, for my grandfather was determined that the lesson he wished to impress on my mind should be perfectly understood by me. I looked about with all the eyes I had; but neither Tip-poo Sul-taun nor his sons, nor my Lord Cornwallis, could I see, but only a few ugly figures in wax work, not worth looking at.

"Do not look so disappointed," said my grandfather; "the showman has done no more than the man did with your nuts, he has *put the best on the outside.*"

There was, on the platform of the show, a man dressed very gaily in blue, yellow, and

crimson colors, acting the part of a clown. He had such a glow on his cheeks, told so many droll tales, and so many comical tricks, and laughed so merrily, that I thought he must surely be one of the happiest of men. My grandfather took him aside, and good-naturedly asked him if he was as healthy, and as happy as he appeared to be?

"O, sir," replied he, "would that I were! The color on my cheeks is only paint; and, though I may, in appearance, be happy, I am miserable. I can make others laugh, but I cannot laugh in reality myself. It is the heaviest punishment in the world to be obliged to appear happy when the heart is sad. The truth is, sir, I am obliged to do what three parts of the world are doing, *I put the best on the outside.*"

My grandfather had promised to buy me a pair of gloves; so we went to a fine shop, where we saw not only gloves, but almost every thing else in the window, spread out so finely, that I thought there never could be a better shop to stop at to buy my gloves. Alas! how different was the inside of the shop to the outside! The outside appearance was light and clean, and all the articles were nicely arranged; the inside was dark and dirty, and so crowded with things that it did not appear to belong to so handsome a window. I said nothing when my grandfather bought my gloves; but I thought to myself, "Well, this is the old game over again; they have learned also to *put the best on the outside.*"

Just before we left the market, hearing a man speaking aloud, we peeped into the shop, and saw an auctioneer standing up at a little desk, with a small hammer in his hand; and O! how he did talk away! He made it appear that all his articles were the most valuable of the kind in the world; that he came there on purpose to oblige his customers, by selling his goods at less than half their value, and that every wise man in the company would lay out his money in buying up the bargains he had to dispose of.

Two or three times I jogged my grandfather by the elbow to buy something; but he only stooped down and whispered in my ear, "Why, my boy, can you not see that this man is *putting the best on the outside!*"

As we walked home, my grandfather Gregory talked to me about what we had seen, and made many remarks that I have since found to be very true. "What you have seen to day," said he, "is only a specimen of what you will find generally in the world. According to their own account, my grocer has the best tea and sugar; my butcher sells the best meat; my tailor makes the best clothes; and if you were to ask the chimney sweeper, whom Nancy Bell kindly taught to read, who was the first in his way of business, he would directly tell you that no one in the world could sweep a chimney better than himself. In short, it is so general a thing in business, that there are very few to be found who do not, on all occasions, *put the best on the outside.*"

"Not only is this the case in business, but in other things. Often will you meet with persons who talk very finely on a variety of subjects, on which, after all, they are very ignorant; they

know nothing but the names of the books they allude to; and as for the great people of whom they talk so freely, they only know some of them by sight, and others not at all. A wise man is usually somewhat slow of speech, and therefore you must never think that he who talks the longest and the loudest is the wisest man. When you meet, then, with a very loud and a very fast talker, call to mind the auctioneer that you have just heard, and say to yourself, "I am afraid he is one who *puts the best on the outside*."

"Old and young practice this deception; the old through habit, the young through education; both from the evil naturally in the heart of man. How many a child is corrected for not behaving well before others, who is hardly ever corrected on any other occasion; thus the poor thing is encouraged from his early years, appearing to be what he is not, and in *putting the best on the outside*."

"When a boy behaves well while his parents are with him, and disobeys their commands when they are absent; when a servant acts honestly before his master, and robs him behind his back; when a friend promises to do for another what it is not his intention to perform; in all these cases the same deception is practiced; they all *put the best on the outside*."

As my grandfather was talking, we were overtaken by a servant girl and a young man, who, like ourselves, had been at the market. The servant girl had on a light blue spencer, and ribbands, of all colors, flying about her; the young man was dressed in what is called a dashing manner, and was not a whit behindhand with his showy companion.

"Ay! ay!" said my grandfather, shaking his head, "there they go, and bravely are they dressed; but I had rather see Joseph in his clean frock, and Sally in her russet gown, for all that. Dearly do I love to see people happy; and at a holyday time we should not be severe to mark any little addition that may be thought necessary to make young people smart; but, after all, there is much danger in wearing fine clothes. I have not yet forgotten the days of my youth, when I thought as much of my frilled shirt and ruffles, as Joseph and Sally do now of their fine apparel, and therefore am inclined to be very indulgent; still, as I said before, fine clothes are a sad snare to many young people. Many a young man, and many a young woman, have had reason to regret their error of *putting the best on the outside*; for when the best coat and the best gown have been worn for some time, it is a very hard thing to put on shabbier clothing. To dress suitably with our station in life will keep many a sorrow from our hearts. Remember, that it was the advice of your grandfather Gregory, that you should leave others to make themselves fine, and remain contented in being yourself neat and clean."

"To pretend to be rich when we are poor, and to be wise when we are ignorant, is bad enough; but to affect to be religious when we know that we neither love God, nor are anxious to keep his commandments, is much worse. Hypocrisy, in this respect, is doubly sinful, for if it be a sin to pretend to love men when we hate them, how much greater is the sin to pretend to love God, when, in our hearts, we do not like him! Run into no error that you can avoid, but especially do not run into this. Of all frauds that a man can practice to deceive his fellow creatures, the disguise of hypocrisy is the worst, and perhaps will be the most severely punished. Do not then, I beseech you, in this respect, *put the best on the outside*."

"I have almost preached you a sermon already, and yet I must add a little more; for when we old men begin to talk we generally find a good deal to say, and, perhaps, it is well that we do, for one half of it may not be remembered an hour after it is spoken. I do not, however, think that you will forget all that I

have said about *putting the best on the outside*. "Use much caution, and more charity, in forming an opinion of others. The worst of men may occasionally do a good action, and the best of men at times do wrong; of the latter fact the Scriptures give us several fearful examples; but, if we judge of men by their general spirit and conduct, we shall be sure to know whether they are upright and sincere in their intentions, or whether they willingly deceive, by *putting the best on the outside*."

"But while you are remarking the infirmities of others, mind that you do not run into them yourself. There is no reason why you should tell to others all your joys and sorrows; often you will be obliged to hide what affects you, and to bear up under many troubles; but never *put the best on the outside* for the purpose of deceiving any one."

"Let this conversation be of use to you, by reminding you of an error that you have heard against in others, and to avoid in yourself."

"Be open, generous, just, and true,
In all you think, and say, and do."

"In short, endeavor (and look above for grace to enable you) so to practice, in thought, word, and deed, the principles of the Gospel, and so to live in peace with God, and in charity with all mankind, that you may never, with an unworthy motive, feel the least temptation to *put the best on the outside*. And especially remember that the eye of God is always upon you, and reaches to your most secret thoughts. Man looketh upon the outward appearance, but the Lord searcheth the heart." -Grandfather Gregory.

saw a trough lying by the wall, which had been used for feeding pigs. This she thought would do nicely for a boat, if she could only get it into the water. It was several yards from the pond, but after tugging and pushing awhile she succeeded according to her wishes. She then picked up something which she thought would do for oars, and she and little H. took their seats in the boat. She soon got it off a little from the shore, and began to move along very slowly, when H. in making some movement lost her balance and fell overboard. Happily for her the water was not very deep, so that she was in no great danger of being drowned; but the bottom of the pond was all *mud*, just as ducks like, but it was not so good a place for little girls to get into. Little H. came out all covered with mud. She and Ann were both frightened and hastened to the house as fast as possible, and very much did Ann wish she had let the trough alone, for when she had got to the house she found her aunt had company, and they all had to hear the story of what had happened. Ann never saw her boat again, and she made no enquiries for it, as she did not wish to attempt another ride. She likes very well to sail upon the water now, and sometimes thinks she should like to cross the ocean; but she would not willingly start in a *trough* or like the "wise men of Gotham" venture in a "bowl."

I. G. A.

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE BOAT-RIDE.

When Ann was a little girl, she lived near a river. As her grandfather who lived near by frequently had occasion to cross the river, he owned a boat, and used sometimes to take Ann with him when he went over to the other side. This she liked very much. Nothing pleased her more than a *boat-ride*, as she called it. She used to notice very attentively how the boat was rowed across the water and sometimes almost thought she could manage it herself.

When she was about seven years old she went to a neighboring town to spend a week with an aunt. She had a little cousin three years younger than herself, whom I will call Harriet. As the weather was warm, Ann and her cousin used to spend much of their time in playing out of doors. Near the house was some clay, which they used to mix with water and make into cakes. They also built something which they called an oven, where they could put in their cakes and pies and say they were baking. This amusement Ann liked very much, and she thought she should never be tired of it, but one thing she wished very much she could do. At a little distance from the house was a pond which had been made for ducks, and she wished she could contrive some way to give her little cousin a boat-ride. One day as she was looking around, she

power, and he only can do it; but if you do not desire it, and do not pray to him to take away your sinful heart, and make it clean, he does not promise to do it. You know the time will come when it will be too late, for there is no repentance in the grave, and thither we are all hastening." The children listened attentively, and Aunt Phebe continued,—“The spot where we are now assembled, was once a forest, this tree in the midst of thousands—a house stood upon yonder hill, where lived a gentleman, his wife, and an only son; these, with two men and two women servants, composed the family. Their nearest neighbor was three miles distant; with the exception of this neighbor, and an occasional visit from the missionary, they saw no one but Indians, who were continually passing and re-passing the house. Notwithstanding, this was a happy family, for the fear of God was with them. One day William, a lad of fourteen, was directed to a spot in the forest where, the day previous, the man had been cutting wood. “Remember, William,” said his father, “to return as soon as you have collected it together in a heap.” William followed the path, and though alone in the mighty forest, felt no alarm, for he was accustomed to spend many hours there. He diligently pursued his work, till becoming weary, he sat down to rest. A beautiful butterfly fluttered above his head of a very uncommon kind—“I’ll have you,” thought he, and cautiously approaching, tried to catch it with his hat; but the insect eluded the attempt, and soaring above his head, flew away; still William pursued it, forgetful of every thing but the securing of his prize. He made his way with difficulty through the tangled underwood of the forest, till at length heated and completely out of breath, he was compelled to desist. “You have led me a pretty chase,” said he, taking off his hat to wipe the perspiration from his head, “and after all, I must go back to my work without you.” William returned, as he supposed, in the direction he had come, but after wandering till he was weary, he was obliged to sit down to rest. Then it was that he began to reflect on the danger of his situation. He had often in his own snug little bed, listened to the howling wolves, and the cries of the panther, which he well knew came forth in the dark to seek their prey, and roamed up and down the forest. He might have wandered several miles from home, or he might be a very short distance, he was completely lost in the forest, and in all probability, he might have to pass the night there, and perhaps, if not devoured by the wild beasts, perish from hunger. William was a boy of courage, and moreover, had learned to put his trust in God. This is the secret of true courage; if we love God, and feel that he so loved us as to give his only Son for us, we need never be afraid, for we may believe He is both able and willing to take care of us. Dreadful as was the thought to William of meeting such a death, he comforted himself with this reflection, and kneeling down, prayed God to take care of him in his distress. When he thought of his parents he wept, for he said, “they have no son but me.” But committing them and himself to God, he endeavored to consider what he could do towards extricating himself from the wood. It occurred to him if he fastened his handkerchief to one of the highest limbs of a tree, it might be a signal to his friends who he knew would come in search of him. As he climbed the tree to effect his purpose, what was his astonishment to find an Indian baby, fastened, as is their custom, to a board, and fixed securely in the tree. “Poor little thing,” thought he, “you are lost too,” and he carefully took it down. The child soon began to cry, and as it was now getting dark in the forest, William’s distress increased. Again he knelt in prayer, and was comforted, and indeed the poor child needed consolation. He had some bread and meat in his pocket, a part of which only he ate,

though very hungry, reserving some for the next day, in case he was still in the forest. Just as he finished his meal, he heard the distant barking of a dog; exerting his voice to the utmost, he barked with all his might. The barking came nearer, he was sure it was his own Rover; and then it became more distant, and poor William burst into tears as the sound died away, but again he hears it, then it ceased; there was a long pause, he was sure he heard a foot-fall on the dry leaves, and in another moment, with a look of joy, Rover sprang to his master’s feet. Overcome with fatigue and delight, poor William sank upon the ground. Rover did every thing but say “follow me,” to induce him to get up and go with him, but finding him unable, bounded from his side, and in the course of half an hour, returned with his father and the men who were in quest of him. It was under this very oak tree, dear children,” said Aunt Phebe, “where the father and son knelt down together to return thanks for this deliverance. With his own hand the gentleman marked the tree, saying, “My son, whenever you see this oak, let it remind you of the mercy you have this day experienced from the hand of God, and when in future years you or your children shall have turned this forest into a fruitful field, let the axe of the woodman never be lifted against this memorial of God’s goodness to us.” The servant was directed to carry the little papoose home—where every care was bestowed upon it. The babe was baptized, and the Christian name of Ruth was given to it. “Who knows,” the gentleman used to say to his family, “but God designs our little Ruth to become a gospel messenger to her poor blinded people. He brings good out of seeming evil, and perhaps he sent William into the forest for this very purpose. Thus was this child trained up and instructed in the way of salvation, in the hope that she might be the means of blessing to the Indians. Ruth became a missionary, and a little Christian church sprang up in the Indian settlements. At the foot of this oak lies buried poor old Rover; and William, as long as he lived, loved to look upon this tree. His descendants value it as highly as he did himself, and I am very certain nothing but the hand of time will ever injure it. This, my dear children, is the story of the old oak tree. There are many things you may learn from it; let me see if you have learned them. What do you learn? Cornelia,”—“I learn that sin in my heart is like the acorn now, while the Saviour is willing to pardon it; but it will be like the big tree by and by, so strong and mighty, it will destroy my soul.” Aunt Phebe. “What have you learned, George?” George. “I learn if God is my friend I need not be afraid of any thing.” “And you, Henry?” “I learn that religion is worth more than the whole world; if William had had no religion, he would have been without any comfort in that dreary forest.” “And you, George, what do you learn?” “When I heard about the gentleman taking such pains with the little Indian girl, I thought of the text I learned last Sunday,—“My word shall not return unto me void, but shall prosper in the thing wherewith I send it,” for it did prosper, Aunt Phebe, when she was a missionary, and the little church was formed, didn’t it?” “It did, indeed, my dear, but good-night, it is very late, we must defer our conversation for the present;” and with an affectionate kiss each little guest departed.

[Episcopal Recorder.]

NARRATIVE.

AUNT PHEBE'S TEA PARTY.--CHAP. III. THE OLD OAK TREE.

It was a sweet evening, and at the children’s earnest request, Aunt Phebe consented to remain in the arbor. “Come, my dears,” said she, as the last note of the birds died away, “let us take up the song of praise.” The voices of the children united in a hymn which Aunt Phebe gave out.

“One there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend.”

They then sat upon the grass at her feet to hear the story of “the old oak tree.” Picking up an acorn from the ground, Aunt Phebe bade each of the children examine it. “Such an acorn,” said she, “was once this tree, which now reaches almost to the clouds, and spreads its refreshing shade around. Such, dear children, is sin in your hearts. If it is suffered to remain, it will grow and grow till nothing can take it away; now the Saviour is willing to destroy its

self, he did not think a little girl, while busied with her dolls in the corner, was even listening to his conversation. The first time she met the young man's sister, of whom her brother had spoken, she related the remarks, but *not exactly* as they were made, for she did not quite recollect them. The sister, as was natural, told her brother—he challenged his friend—they met and fought. Laura's affectionate and only brother was brought home a bleeding corpse! She had committed murder, not with her own hand, but by her tongue! Remember this, you who talk idly, or extravagantly, or carelessly. If you must repeat news, be particular in doing it correctly. It is a very awful thing to cause bloodshed! Laura soon felt the fault was hers—and she solemnly vowed to give up the practice of *tattling*. But she forgot her sorrow and her vow, and grew up with the same love of talking which was so fatal in youth.

In company she was dreaded, for no one felt secure in her society; and a fear of losing a brother, or husband, or father, by some quarrel brought on through her imprudence, made persons avoid her as much as possible—and if they were thrown in her way, they were very cautious how they spoke. None regarded her promises of not mentioning a thing. They were sure the very first opportunity she would amuse some lover of news with a full account of it, no matter how dangerous the repetition might be.

Many admired her beauty and talents, but they were afraid to become intimate; and when she arrived at an advanced age, she was still the terror of all peaceable people. ELLA.

MORALITY.

A GOOD OMEN.

Every body knows how a drunken man used to be treated by the boys in the street; he was mocked at, spit upon, and pelted with stones. The boys never thought of pitying him, but regarded him as the mark of merry making. He went rolling through the street, or perhaps made his bed in the gutter. A few days since, I passed through a part of the town where such a spectacle had been not uncommon. A sailor partly intoxicated, was striving to steady himself against a post; a group of boys were around him, some with their hands in their pockets and their caps thrown back were eagerly talking; one was brushing the dirt from the inebriate's jacket; another was wiping the blood away from a slight scratch which he had received on the cheek. "Now you must—*won't you?*" cried one little fellow looking up in his face. "Oh, yes, indeed, I know he will; drinking is so wicked—it is sad to see him," said another. "Come, if you will I will lead you home, and father will help you." "I know he will!" exclaimed a third; "there comes Edward." I looked in the direction of the boy's eyes, and saw a little fellow running with all his might towards them bearing in his hand a roll of paper. "Here it is; here is *the pledge!* 'tis the boy's pledge; now if you should sign it, and never drink again." "Yes," cried another, "and it is the very one that belongs to our Temperance Society, and we have all signed it," said the first boy coaxingly. The sailor looked round bewildered. "What is it?" he hiccupped out. "Why it is the pledge. We want you to sign it and be a temperance man. We are sorry you drink, and we want you to leave off," said the boy in an earnest, decided manner. "Who be ye, who think of me, and care for me?" cried the sailor, beginning to comprehend the nature of the case. The tears rose to his eyes and rolled down his weather-beaten face. "Yes, he will sign it; he will, I know he will," shouted the children exultingly. "Yes, I will," said the sailor; "but take care of me till I get sober—keep me from the land sharks. God bless ye—bless ye." "Come,

go with me," cried one. "No, I'll take him with me," said a second. He was led away by the little boy with the pledge, the rest of the children following as happy as could be in the prospect of redeeming the poor man from intemperate habits. I blessed the dear children in my heart, and prayed God to bless their efforts.

[Youth's Medallion.]

MY AUNT PRISCILLA.

It is a great thing to know whereabouts to find people; and we cannot fail to reverence the person of whom we can say with confidence, in reference to any improper action or course of conduct, "I am sure he will not do that," or "I am positive he did not do so." "Why not?" "Because he would not think it right."

My aunt was one of this sturdy sort. She habitually acted on principle, and, making every due allowance for human fallibility and human imperfection, her principles were sound and judicious, and her practice uniform and consistent. From her example, I am led to conclude, that the plan she adopted is the only way of really "living" all the days of one's life, and leaving behind some valuable evidence that we have not lived in vain. Oh, the dreamy, useless, uninteresting existence of a large portion of the human race! They seem to live as if they were created for nothing higher than self-gratification; and as if all around them had no higher employment for their time and their powers, than to minister to their gratifications. Such frivolity would excite only the smile of pity or contempt, if we could divest ourselves of the idea that awakens the sigh of heart-felt anguish, that these triflers must give an account of the time they fritter away, of the evil they have done, and the good they have omitted to do, while in the strictest, most degrading, and most guilty sense, they were living to themselves.

But to return to my aunt, and to the recollection of some of her fixed principles.

The first, undoubtedly, was obedience. "I am the servant of God, and my first concern in every thing must be, to know and to do his will." How striking and encouraging is the promise, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Mat. vi. 22; and how is it fulfilled in the experience of those who set the Lord always before them. The one question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" generally admits of an easy solution when it is not perplexed and hampered by the admixture of foreign solicitations, such as these: "How will it appear?" "Will it be safe?" "Will it be politic?"

I have heard my dear aunt remark, that in so many instances duty is found congenial with inclination and interest, that those who desire to do the will of God from the heart, need to look closely into the motives of their conduct, lest they should take credit for obedience, when, in reality, they only seek to please themselves. "Oh," she would say, "how exceeding broad is the command to love the Lord our God with all our hearts, and to do every thing from a principle of love and obedience to him. I am afraid lest conformity to what God has commanded should be, in reality, nothing better than acting in accordance with natural inclinations, or as impelled by the influence of circumstances. Without this all-pervading principle, our activity, and kindness, and decorum, though they may look well in the eyes of our fellow-creatures, and be useful to them, have no more claim to be regarded as acts of rational obedience to the will of God, than the ravens flying to feed Elijah."

Happy is it for individuals and for society when natural inclinations and surrounding circumstances are favorable to such things as are lovely and of good report; but the genuine Christian will be deeply solicitous, not only to do such things, but to do them "after a godly sort." My dear aunt, who had been singularly privi-

ged in treading a long and honorable course, in which duty and inclination alike led the way, was afterwards no stranger to the trial of principle involved in their separation. The steadiness with which she was enabled to pursue the course of duty, when it ran counter to that of inclination, must have been a source of solid satisfaction to herself, as corroborating the testimony of conscience to her previous sincerity. To her friends, it presented a delightful and instructive example of genuine and consistent piety, characterized by singleness of aim and simplicity of dependence. She considered nothing with which she had to do so trifling as to be beneath the inquiry, "Is it right? Is it agreeable to the will of God?" She considered no step so obviously easy and safe, as that she could venture to take it on her own judgment, or in her own strength. Such a measure, she knew, would be sure to issue in a slide or a stumble. On the other hand, she never hesitated to take a step at the evident call of duty, and in reliance on Divine aid and strength. However arduous it might be, she expected to be sustained; however dangerous, she expected to be preserved, for she knew whom she had trusted, and she not only repeated the declaration, but realized its vital efficacy, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Phil. iv. 13.

THE NURSERY.



TWO SIDES TO THE PICTURE.

"Oh look at those soldiers!" exclaimed a little boy, who was gazing from his nursery window, at a troop of the military who were passing. "They prance along so famously on their fine horses, and their swords look so handsome. Oh see, see! what beautiful feathers they have in their caps, and hark! at the fine music. Oh! if I live to be a man, I am determined to be a soldier."

No watchful mother was near him, listening to her child, or she would have tried to correct his errors of judgment, by showing him that the life of a soldier is far from being so desirable as he supposed. Instead of her, there sat by him a youthful nurse, whose eye was as much as his, taken by the dashing appearance of the soldiery. She had come from a foreign land, and she had many anecdotes to tell the little boy, about military scenes, in which her relatives and friends, or the families with whom she lived were concerned. She had seen nothing of the horrors of war, but her young and ardent imagination had been caught by this pomp and pageantry.

The conversations and scenes of that day made a strong impression on the young and excitable Arthur, and from that time the desire to be "a gay soldier," fastened on his mind, and his thoughts, even while he was apparently engaged at play, would continually recur to the brilliant military procession, and to his nurse's animated accounts of her early life. Whenever his indulgent father offered him new playthings, and Arthur was allowed the privilege of selecting them, he never failed to beg for a toy, a sword, or drum or other implement of war, and with these he would employ his play hours in exercising himself in mimic warlike sports.

Months rolled on, and the bent of the little boy's mind was becoming more and more con-

Like Master, like Dog.



A vigilant justice of the peace, who resides in a borough on the banks of the Tees, has a vigilant Newfoundland dog, not less renowned for sagacity than his master. The other day, a lady was on a visit at the worthy justice's house, and the dog observed her taking her departure in the evening. He rushed after her, and seized her garments to arrest her steps. She endeavored to release herself—it was a fruitless effort. The dog would not allow her to walk in any direction excepting that which led her once more to the door of the magistrate's residence; and even a "woman's will" (proverbially unbending) was compelled to give way to a dog's. The lady complied with his wish that she should return to the house. He was then delighted, and wagged his tail in great glee, as he conducted her into the presence of his magisterial master. The secret of the arrest was then explained; the lady, being unprovided against the coldness of the night, had borrowed a shawl from one of the inmates, and the watchful brute had apprehended her for felony.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

LITTLE JANE'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Incidents filled with deepest pathos, and occurrences to stir the soul with tenderest emotion; happen around us every day; yet seldom, very seldom, have we a pen commanding leisure enough to yield them a brief record.

We remember being at the house of a friend on a certain Christmas day, when our eye, glancing through the window, fell upon an upholsterer's preparations for a funeral going on in front of a house immediately opposite. Our gentle hostess of the occasion, marked the action, and made us sit down to hear the following simple and affecting history of poor little Jane and her first Christmas Box.

The little girl about to be buried upon the merriest holliday in the year, was just approaching the anniversary of her seventh birthday, when some subtle disorder that had afflicted her from infancy, carried her off during the night that ushered in our last gay Christmas. She was a child of very sweet and attractive manners, and the neighbors had learned to know and love her. The incurable complaint which was consuming her, gave a placidity almost ethereal, to her disposition, and her smile was a thing so mildly beautiful, that (if we may use a simile to assist this warm but imperfect description of our informant,) it must have been like the leaf of a lily shining in the embrace of a moonbeam.

The parents were poor, but dignified and retiring, and notwithstanding the profound interest little Jane awakened in the neighborhood, the bearing of the father, and the

constant seclusion of the mother, clearly forbade any intrusive proffer of assistance. A few weeks since the child ceased its visits to the sidewalk, and was seen to sit no more upon the door step. Poor Jane was upon her death-bed.

At the approach of the holidays, the father and mother (with that old hankering of hope which so eagerly clings for safety to a straw,) grew joyous with a bright change in their suffering daughter. She suddenly grew to laugh and converse with pleasant freedom, and the symptoms of internal pain ceased to cross her sweet face so often as before. Then the cheered mother would sit by the bedside, and talk to her girl of the merry holidays that were soon coming, and promising the poor child what she had never known before—a handsome Christmas box.

This promise, as it would seem, took great hold upon poor little dying Jane's fancy, for she still, from day to day, would question her mother about it, and desire to know what sort of a box it was to be? For an hour or two on the day preceding Christmas, she chatted with remarkable liveliness, telling her father and mother jocosely, that she meant to keep awake in the night, and watch Santa Claus when he came down the chimney with the box. But as evening came on, she faded into pale and sleepless stupor. The doting mother grew again uneasy, and with every innocent artifice, endeavored to keep the child's senses in action. She lifted little Jane upon the pillow, that she might see how the stocking was disposed in the chimney corner, telling her how she had promised to keep awake to see Santa Claus come down; but poor Jane smiled faintly, without speaking, a peculiar expression only crossing her countenance, by which the mother always understood a solicitation to be kissed.

There she slept—a sort of sleep from which her mother wished, yet feared to wake her—brightening up again at her father's return home in the evening. Somehow then the child's eye, or its changed voice, or some symptom not seen before, smote conviction of the coming catastrophe upon the father's heart, and mute with wretchedness, he sank upon his knees by the bedside.

One loud, abrupt, involuntary and thrilling scream burst from the mother at this action, for it told her all that the father had no tongue to utter. She flew to her child, clutching it to her heart and lips, as though she would detain the breath heaven was taking away, and a deathly silence followed the woman's scream, broken only by the mountain-like laboring of the father's heart, and hysterical sobs bursting from the afflicted mother.

In the opposite dwelling Fortune and Pleasure were smiling upon each other, and

a gay assemblage of the chosen votaries of each, were joyfully greeting as they passed away the merry and laughing hours of Christmas Eve! How strangely opposites will sometimes jar during our progress through this chequered scene! How, still more strangely, does that jarring oft touch up the chords of gentle sympathy, which vibrate ever with melodious sound.

The poor, bereaved mother's scream reached, and startled the company opposite, and our good hostess commanding her guests of the evening to remain in undisturbed festivity, went to visit the scene of affliction, for her heart too truly told her what alone could be the cause of such a desolate sound.

Little Jane lingered till nearly midnight, fading slowly, like one of those thin vapors sailing in the train of Cynthia, which pass away into ether, mocking admiration as with some beautiful illusion that you think you've seen, yet suddenly and strangely miss. The fair child yielded its breath with a smile, while the mother's tears were falling on its face, and the heavy throbs of the father's heart kept mournful accompaniment with the last pulsations of life in the breast of his child.

So came the morning, and poor little Jane's Christmas box was—a coffin!

NARRATIVE.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF FEAR.

Harriet and Fanny Meadows were about the ages of eleven and nine when their father died, and their mother went to live with their grandfather, who was a farmer, in the country, some miles from the town where they were born. The two girls were much pleased with the farm and every thing about it, and they soon learned to make themselves useful to their grandmother in the dairy and poultry-yard, as well as in house-work, &c.

They would have been happy if they could have forgotten some foolish stories that had been told or read to them by some silly girls, who had been their playfellows in town. These were stories about robberies and murders, and others about ghosts and witches, which seemed to them very dreadful. Harriet and her sister were silly enough to believe these tales; so that they were afraid if they had to go about in the dark, or to be alone anywhere. As this happened in the country oftener than in the town, their mother soon noticed their fear, and when she found what had been the occasion of it, she did all in her power to correct it. She told them how foolish it was to be so afraid, for God could see them in the dark as well as in the light; and if He is our Friend, no one can do us any harm. "Besides," she would say, "there are no such things as ghosts; and if what your schoolfellows told you did really take place, it is most likely that the things they call ghosts would not have seemed at all strange by daylight, or if they had gone up and closely examined them. Or it might have been a trick which somebody was mischievous enough to play, in order to frighten others. My dear girls, if ever anything frightens you in this manner, do not run away, but go up to it, and try to find out what it is."

Thus Mrs. Meadows would talk to her children; but the foolish habit was so deeply rooted in their minds, that it was long before it could be cured. Mrs. Meadows then made them learn such texts as these:—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." "The darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

Harriet, being older and wiser than her sister, was the first to conquer her fears; but Fanny, who was naturally timid, was not easily persuaded that she had no cause to be afraid. Though her grandfather and grandmother, as well as her mother and sister, often tried to reason with her; she was frightened at her own shadow when she was going up stairs alone; and if a stranger came near the house, she was sure he had some bad design. She had often fancied she had seen and heard ghosts, but when the stories she told were inquired into, every one laughed at her. These things are not worth relating, therefore I

will not stop to mention them; but only to tell you of a pretty hymn upon this subject, which I would recommend to be learned by heart, by every child who is at all afraid when left in the dark.

When left in darkness, or alone,
Some foolish children fear
What yet they are ashamed to own,
A ghost, or spirit near.
And yet, no children, poor or rich,
A spirit ever saw;
Indeed, there is but One, of which
We need to stand in awe.
Yes, there's a Spirit by us now,
A Spirit pure and bright;
To whom all other spirits bow,
In darkness and in light.
This Spirit is the living God;
The High and Lofty One;
Who nature rules with sovereign rod,
Who formed the stars and sun.
He is by us at evening dim,
At noonday He is near;
And they who fear and honor Him,
Have nothing else to fear.
He sees us when at work and play;
Sees all our smiles and tears,
And every idle word we say,
This Holy Spirit hears.
Then let us give our follies o'er,
Try all our sins to leave;
And pray that we may never more
This Holy Spirit grieve.

At last, Fanny grew ashamed of talking about ghosts; but still she was very much afraid of thieves, and also of wild beasts, and she was constantly fancying that she heard one or the other. One day she was walking in the fields with her mother and sister, when they heard a noise, something like a child crying. Fanny stopped, and pressing Mrs. Meadows' hand, she said, "O, mother, where can that noise come from? Some one must have fallen into the pond, or perhaps is being murdered in the lane. Do let us go away. Pray do, mother." "No," replied Mrs. M. "that is a child's voice, and if he should be in distress, perhaps we can help him." "O! no," answered Fanny; "I am sure there is something very dreadful; perhaps the child is being murdered, mother. Do not let us be seen." "You must be mistaken, my dear," said her mother; "no one would be likely to murder another in broad daylight, so near the house. We will go and see what is the matter."

Fanny. O, pray, do not go on. What shall we do, if—

Harriet. I dare say there is nothing very terrible. Come along.

They went, and found, not a child, but a little lamb, that had been left behind when the others were put into the field, and it was bleating because it could not get to them. Fanny soon knew it to be her own pet lamb, by a pink ribbon she had tied round its neck; she stooped down, and after fondling the lamb a little while, she carried it to its companions. "There, Fanny," said Harriet, "if we had not come here, perhaps your lamb would have been starved to death, or it might have wandered away and been lost."

About half a mile from the farm house there was a wood, that Fanny supposed to be the resort of all the bad people in the neighborhood, and never dared to enter, though she admired the shady paths, and the beautiful primroses and violets it contained in the spring, which had now given place to blue bells, and wild roses, and honeysuckles, quite as beautiful. One day, however, her mother took her through the wood, and made her observe what a pleasant place it was, "Yes, mother," said the little girl, "and how sweetly the birds sing; but—O! mother, let us make haste out of the wood—or I do not know what will become of us."

Mother. What is the matter?

F. O! do you not see a man behind that tree?

M. I do not see any thing there.

F. O! but I see him, and he sees us; he is running this way, and what is that he holds in his hand? What shall we do?

There was, indeed, some one behind the tree; not a man, but a boy of twelve years old, who had a large knife in his hand, with which he was cutting down some of the underwood. Fanny was ashamed of her silly fear, and, for the first time, resolved to attend to her mother's advice on this subject. But a habit, long indulged in, is not easily cured.

Once, when she was awake in the middle of the night, she thought she heard a terrible noise. She was almost afraid to look up, but she just raised her eyes, and, as it was not a dark night she saw the chimney-board shaking, and a strange figure standing near the fire-place; she stretched out her hand, and it rested on something very soft and warm, which she thought was the skin of some animal; and this so terrified her, that she screamed out, and awoke her mother. When Mrs. Meadows heard Fanny's account, she said that the noise was nothing but the wind blowing against the chimney board, and this made it shake. She reminded her daughter, that when they came in, the evening before, as it rained very hard, they did not fold up their cloaks, but left them spread out to dry. Fanny had put hers on a chair, and this was what she touched; and her mother had hung up her bonnet and cloak upon a hook. Again Fanny felt vexed and ashamed of herself and her fears.

When she was taught the evil consequences of her foolish fears, she resolved to conquer them, and whenever she felt them rising in her mind, she would think of the texts and verses she had learned. If she saw or heard any thing strange, she tried to find out what it was; and, by degrees, became as composed and courageous as she had once been silly and timid. The fear of evil is often worse than the evil itself; and if we trust in God, we need never be afraid, for He says to us in His word, "Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil." Prov. i. 33.

Midnight and noon in this agree;
Great God! they're both alike to thee.
Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

[Youth's Friend.

THE DAUGHTER'S BURIAL.

Summer had come. The wild flowers of early Spring were withered beneath the sun's scorching rays, and sending forth on the gentle wings of the wind the sweet fragrance of their departure. They had sprung upward from the earth's bosom, as the timid heralds of summer's more gorgeous splendor; had staid one short month, and were gone. The wild flowers are my favorites, for in them I read a portrayer of human life. Their countless variety, the loveliness and simplicity of some, and the majesty and grandeur of others, their changeless fragrance and beauty, their early bloom, their drooping and dying just upon the confines of winter, like the last lingering and spirit-broken survivor of a past generation; all mirror forth to the mind that is accustomed to read in the great book of nature, the semblance of life.

Did the reader ever stop from his journeyings to pass the Sabbath in any of the villages that repose so quietly among the Green Mountains? If he has, the story of their unbroken stillness need not be told; for once enjoyed, it stamps itself upon the heart, and forms a bright spot in one's life, to which memory loves to lead back the soul in after years, to throw around it again its hallowed influence.

But what means this? Why this measured and solemn walking in the street, ere the sun be down? Why this gathering at a neighbor's house with such looks of sorrow? Ah! a funeral!—I too went forth and mingled with the multitude in their sympathy for the bereaved, for whose heart has not felt its pangs! And, once felt, what bosom can hold back the deep fountain that swells up from the hidden recess of the soul.

The pastor ended his words of exhortation and prayer—kindred and friends sung a song for the lost one, when the black and mournful bier, borne upon men's shoulders, moved from the house of the deceased, to the place appointed for all the living. 'Twas a little place we stood beside, yet it was a *first born's*. We have seen the aged die and be gathered unto his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season; we have seen the middle aged in their strength and glory laid low in death, and there were tears mingled with the damp earth that covered them; but they were not those bitter scalding tears that wring a mother's heart, when the severing of earth's dearest tie is felt. The shade of six summers had scarcely crimsoned the cheek of this beloved daughter, ere the hand of disease grappled strongly its victim, and in a few brief hours of burning fever, she that was prattling with her brother on the lawn had ceased to be.

The father stood there in strength and manliness, but his heaving bosom and the stealing tear told but too plainly of the struggling within. The mother was there. She was a young mother, yet was bowed down with grief and anxious watching; but it seemed as though she had nerved herself to come and see the end. When the sexton had laid the turf upon the little mound, and leaned upon his spade, she turned away, and a light was upon her countenance, as if the angel spirit of her daughter had come back from heaven to whisper her—of an immortal union in the place of the holy, where separation will no more come forever. 'Then I went to my room, to think how often he that knoweth what is best for us, takes the little flowers, even the opening buds, that are too tender for earth, to transplant in a more genial soil on the banks of the river of life.



THE DUCK'S HOUSE.

Lucy, after getting Joanna to give the duckling a little meal and water, according to Mary Jay's directions, and leaving him safe in Joanna's care in the kitchen, went out into the yard, and found Royal at work getting out a large box, which was behind the barn. The box was about as large every way as a common bureau drawer, being pretty long and broad, but very shallow.

"What are you going to do with that box?" said Lucy.

"I am going to make your duck pond with it," said Royal.

"I don't see how you are going to make a duck pond with a box," said Lucy.

"Why, you see," said Royal, "I am going to dig a square hole in the ground, in a corner of the yard, and set this box down in it, and then I am going to pour water in it, and so make the duck pond."

"But that won't be big enough," said Lucy.

"O yes," said Royal, "it will be plenty big enough for such a little duckling."

Royal then proceeded with his work. He dug a square hole in the corner of the yard, and put the earth, which came out of it, into his little wheelbarrow, and wheeled it away, reserving one wheelbarrow load. Then he put the box into its place, and rammed in the earth which he had reserved, compactly, all around it.

"And now," said Lucy, "are you going to put the water in that?" "Yes," said Royal.

"I don't think it will be a very good duck pond," said Lucy.

"Why not?" asked Royal.

"Because," said Lucy, "the sides are so steep, that my little duck can't get out."

"Ah, you'll see that he can get out, when it is done."

"But, Royal," said Lucy, "what good does it do to put in the box? Why don't you pour the water right into the hole?"

"Because," said Royal, "it would all soak away into the ground. The sides of the box will keep the water from soaking away so much."

"It will soak away through the cracks," said Lucy.

"No," said Royal, "I shall stop up the cracks."

Accordingly, when Royal had finished placing his box in the ground, and had packed the earth in tight all around it, he went away with his wheelbarrow to a bank at some distance, down in the field, where there was some clay, and he brought a little of this in his wheelbarrow to the spot. He worked this clay over all the seams, and into the corners of the box, ramming it down hard.

"There," said he, "now the water can't get through. Clay is water-tight. Water can go through sand, but it can't get through clay."

"Is that what you mean by water-tight?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," replied Royal. "After I have made my box water-tight, with clay, then I am going to put sand in."

"What is that for?" said Lucy.

"You will see," replied Royal.

So Royal, when his clay was all crowded into its place, around the bottom of the box, took his wheelbarrow again, and went after a load of sand and gravel. He had to go to some distance for this; but he succeeded at length in getting as much as he could wheel, of pretty clean sand and pebble stones.

This load he put into the box, and he disposed of the sand and gravel in such a way, as that it filled the box nearly full around the sides, leaving a deep place in the middle. Then he went to get some water.

He brought pailful after pailful, until he had filled up his little pond level with the top. The water was somewhat turbid immediately after he had poured it in; but he told Lucy that in a little while it would subside and be clear.

"It will settle," said he, "while I am making the duck house."

"Are you going to make a duck house too?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," replied Royal; "for pretty soon, you see, the duck will be big enough to live out of doors, and then you will want a house for him."

So Royal went and got another box. It was shaped like a trunk, and about as large, only it had no cover. Royal brought this, and placed it at one end of his duck pond, laying it down upon its side, so that the open part was towards the pond.

"There," said he, "that will do for a house, only the top ought to be slanting."

"What for?" said Lucy.

"Why, for the roof,—so that the water will run off when it rains."

"Well, Royal," said Lucy, "we can tip it back a little, and that will make the top slanting. Then you can put a stone under one side, to keep it so."

"No," replied Royal, "for that will make the bottom slant back too. You see the floor ought to be level, and only the roof slant back. But I know what I can do."

Saying this, Royal went away, and got a short board, a little larger every way than the upper board of the box. This he placed over the box, in an inclined position. This was for a roof. The back part of the roof—that is, the part which was away from the pond—rested directly upon the box. The front part—that is, the part which was towards the pond, which was, of course, to be raised, in order to make the roof slant backward—Royal supported by a narrow board, which he placed under this edge to keep it up. He nailed the roof securely in its place.

When it was finished, there was, of course, a space between the upper part of the box and the roof. Royal said that this was the duck's garret. "And now," said he, "for the yard."

"What! are you going to make a yard?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said Royal, "he must have a yard, or else he will run away. But while I am making a yard, Lucy, you must go into the barn, and get a little hay, and make him a nest."

So Lucy went into the barn, and got some hay, while Royal took his wheelbarrow, and went away to find some boards for the yard. He brought three or four boards, and with these he made a yard. The boards were about six feet long. He placed them upon the ground, upon their edges. Each board made one side of the yard. He nailed them together at the four corners. One of the boards passed directly behind the duck house; the others extended on each side, and forward, so as to enclose the duck pond and considerable space besides, so that the duck could come out of his house, and either swim in his pond, or else walk about upon the ground, just as he pleased; only he could not get over the boards, so as run away.

"That is a beautiful duck yard," said Lucy, "only I wish there was a door for me to open, to go in."

"O you can step right over it," said Royal.

"Yes," said Lucy, "I know I *can* step over it; but I should like a door."

"Well," said Royal, "I will see if I can contrive some way to make a door."

Royal then went and got a small block of wood, which he brought to the duck yard, and put it down before it, close to the board upon one side. When he had it properly placed, he said,—

"There, Lucy, that will do for a step, and you can step up by that, and so get over easily; and you can call that a door. Won't that do?"

Lucy said that it would do very well; and she stepped over by means of her step, and back again, several times. She said it made a very good door indeed.

By the time that all this had been doing, the

water in the little pond had become quite clear, and Lucy could see that it had a smooth, sandy bottom. So they both wanted to bring the duck out, and see it swim. Lucy was afraid that it was too little to swim; but Royal insisted that a duck could swim just as quick as it could get out of the shell. Lucy said that she meant to ask Joanna; and they accordingly both went into the house to ask Joanna if it would do to put their little duck into the water.

Joanna said that she thought he could swim, and, at any rate, that she would go out with them, and carry him, and see. Then they all went out together.

Joanna said that she liked the pond, and the house, and the yard, all very much indeed.

"But I think," she added, "that it would be better to keep the little duck in the house at night, for a while, where he can be kept warm, until he gets a little older. Then, in the daytime, while the sun is out, you can keep him here in his house; and then, after some time, when he gets older and stronger, you can let him stay in his house all the time, day and night."

So saying, Joanna gently put the duck down upon the edge of his pond, in order to see what he would do. He ran right into it at once, and immediately began to swim about as dexterously as if he had been accustomed to the water as long as his mother had been.

"He can swim!" exclaimed Lucy; "see, Royal! he can swim!"

The duck then began to dabble with his bill in the sand, upon the margin of the water. Then he took up a little water, and held his bill up to let the water run down his throat. Then he looked up with one eye towards Royal and Lucy, and then he swam across the pond again, and went to dabbling in the sand upon the other side.

"O ducky," said Royal, "what a cunning little rogue you are!"

"Let's give him something to eat," said Lucy.

"Yes," replied Joanna, "I brought him a little piece of bread;" and so saying, she proceeded to crumb her bread upon the ground, near the duckling. He came out upon the bank, and began to pick up some of the small crumbs immediately; and then he turned around, and jumped into the water again, and swam away, striking the water from beneath him with his little web feet. Joanna laughed heartily at his comical movements; and, after looking at him for a few minutes, she left him with the children, and went back to the house.

The children let the duck swim about in his pond for more than an hour, while they remained near, sometimes watching his motions, and sometimes playing at a little distance from his house and yard. They had some conversation about his name. Several names were talked of, but finally they concluded to call him Diver. They gave him as much bread as they thought he ought to have, and then Royal put the remainder of the pieces, which Joanna had brought out, in Diver's garret, which he said would be a fine place to keep his provisions in.

"Yes," said Lucy, "I think it will be an excellent place, and I am much obliged to you, Royal, for making me such a good duck pond, and house, and yard. I am very glad to have it. It is a great deal better than I expected that it would be.—*Lucy at Study.*

[Sold by B. B. Muzzey, No. 29 Cornhill, Boston.]

NARRATIVE.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 17.

Scarcely a sight is more distressing to a Christian of sensibility, than that of an aged person, who is habitually unmindful of, and unprepared for death and eternity. If it be painful, when the individual possesses no especial claims upon the affections, how much more so must it be when the ties of blood or friendship, have rendered the sympathies of the beholder immeasurably stronger.

The fact is, however, one of no uncommon occurrence, and at this moment, there are, it is by no means improbable, a great number who, from such a cause are walking in sorrow and anxiety. They are gazing perhaps, even now, with tearful eyes, upon the silvery locks and infirm forms of aged parents, and listening with sadness to the impatient murmurings of the beings with whose destinies theirs are so closely connected, under the pressure of affliction and bodily infirmities—or with anguish of a more bitter kind, may be compelled to listen to language from them, which marks the reign of infidelity in the heart.

Many years since, there lived in England, the wife of a highly respectable gentleman who was suffering under the affliction I have specified. She was the mother of two fine boys, whom from early life, she had trained to habits of daily and fervent prayer for their prayerless father. She knelt with them frequently, and allowed them to see the intense anxiety she felt, for the fulfilment of her petitions. While assiduous in this part of her duty, she was no less so, in another which is also of vital importance. She lived herself, and studied habitually to conform her children to the duties of their station; they were Christians not only in principle but in practice; and however faulty, the husband and father might be as a child of God, he yet tenderly loved and was beloved in return, by his family, in the bonds of earthly attachment; year after year passed away, and found the pious wife, "hoping against hope." Death at last came, and she saw she was not to be allowed the privilege of beholding with her bodily eyes, the conversion of her husband; she meekly submitted to God's will and died rejoicing in faith, and hope, believing that in after times her prayers were to be answered—the pious brothers went to one of the great universities of England, there to prepare themselves the better for the ministry. They graduated with honor, and soon were called to posts of great usefulness as parish ministers. Before separating, they united in a closing prayer under the parental roof, for their beloved father, and entered into a solemn agreement, to continue at an appointed hour of the evening, their accustomed season of devotional supplication for him and for each other.

Long was the time, in which they thus faithfully performed their filial duties, without perceiving any spiritual fruit of their labors. Still like their pious mother they hoped on, and prayed without ceasing. Three score and ten years of their father's life passed away, and yet he would not attend to the things of eternity. Soon

after this period, his health, which had previously been vigorous, became impaired, and he was frequently a solitary and severe sufferer. This was the appointed season for the accomplishment of hope and the fulfilment of prayer in his behalf. His sons visited him and wrote to him as often as their ministerial duties would permit. His heart became gradually softened: the fallow ground was broken up for the reception of divine truth, and the aged man was really converted and became as a little child in Christ Jesus.

This blessed change was, as might be expected, the source of the most lively joy to his sons and furnished them with a constant subject of grateful praise to Him, who had so graciously fulfilled His promise, in causing their aged parent to find—"at evening time,—light." For four years was his existence prolonged after this memorable era of his history, and he was permitted to exemplify by a most holy, and consistent walking with God, that He is able to save even at the last hour, if that hour has not been presumptuously looked to both by the individual and by those connected with him, as one fully sufficient to meet the demands of the soul!

Have none of my readers occasion for encouragement, under trials similar to those of the excellent wife and sons whom I have now described? Let them be stimulated to a faithful imitation of their conduct! Let them be unwearied in prayer and assiduous in the discharge of filial and conjugal duty. And then let them rest on God for the fulfilment of his promises, that "at evening time, it shall be light!" And oh! how far, how infinitely far, does the beauteous but mellow light, which God casts over the aged believer, transcend in loveliness, any that has been ever previously seen resting on him in the days of youth and prosperity:—

If thou would'st see man's soul aright,
Behold him in that "evening light;"
For the beams that illumined his early day,
Would gild but to flout his hair of grey. M. C.
[West. Epis. Obs.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE FAVORITE.

"Good morning, Lucy, why are you weeping," said a sweet blue-eyed girl, as she stole gently into her sister's chamber, and placed her little arms around her neck, "does your lesson perplex you."

"No, Anna, it is not that which makes me sad, for I have hardly thought of my task this morning, but I feel as if I had not a friend in the world."

"Why, sister, how can you talk so; not a friend in the world? Is not papa and mamma friends to you? and am I not a friend to you, dear Lucy?" said Anna, as her eyes filled with tears.

"Well, I don't know, but what you are my friend, Anna; but you cannot help seeing the partiality that papa and mamma show to you, while I am neglected; you walk and ride with them, while I am shut up alone at home."

"I suppose you have reference to the circumstance of yesterday, but you know in your heart,

Lucy, and God knows, you did wrong in pushing little Agnes May down, when returning from school, and then running home without helping her up; and you know that is what mamma punished you for."

"Well, I don't want to hear any preaching this morning, so you can have the chamber to yourself if you choose, Anna," said Lucy, as she rose and abruptly left the room.

Lucy and Anna were the only surviving children of Mr. and Mrs. Ross, they having seen four bright buds of promise laid in their early graves—and daily and hourly did they watch with devotedness and affection, over their remaining children, and strive with the care and assiduity which parents alone can exercise, to shield them from the grasp of the destroyer—but, often would the eyes of Mrs. Ross fill with tears, as she gazed on the pale face and delicate frame of her youngest, and felt that she knew not how soon she might be called to part with her own sweet Anna. But she was a Christian mother, and with a Christian's calmness and resignation, she submitted all to God.

Anna was a gentle, affectionate child, very much attached to her parents and sister, and beloved by all that knew her; she loved her Sabbath School, and although her health would not always permit her to attend, yet she did not love to stay away. Anna had early learned to love the Saviour, and pray to him; and when she gazed into the dark cold grave where she had seen her last little infant brother laid, she felt that she knew not how soon she might be called to lay beside him.

Lucy was different from Anna in every respect. She had been a healthy, robust child from her birth, and needed not the care, which the ill health and slender constitution of her sister required; but she had a jealous disposition, and could not bear to see more attention paid to Anna than to herself. Lucy was very wilful and disobedient, and would not hesitate to tell an untruth, if she could but hide a fault, or escape punishment. This caused her many unhappy days, and sleepless nights; but why was she unhappy? Because she had forgotten to obey God, to honor her father and mother; she had forgotten that it had been left on record, that "Lying lips is an abomination to the Lord!" But Lucy did not think this was the reason of her unhappiness; she thought the fault was in others, not in herself; she thought because she was punished often, while Anna scarcely received a cross look or word, that it was partiality on the part of her parents. But Lucy was mistaken; her parents loved her very much, although she many times caused their hearts to bleed. Often would Mrs. Ross bear to the Throne of Grace her erring child, and plead that she might be gathered into the fold of the Redeemer.

Autumn and Winter passed, and Spring came with her music and gladness, calling forth with her soft breath and voice of silvery sweetness, the flowers from their transient graves, and pouring into the breast of the woodland songster the gushings of her own joyous bosom. Every thing around was bright and beautiful, and bore the impress of divinity.

"How good God is, sister," said Lucy Ross to Anna, as they walked in the garden, gazing on nature's loveliness.

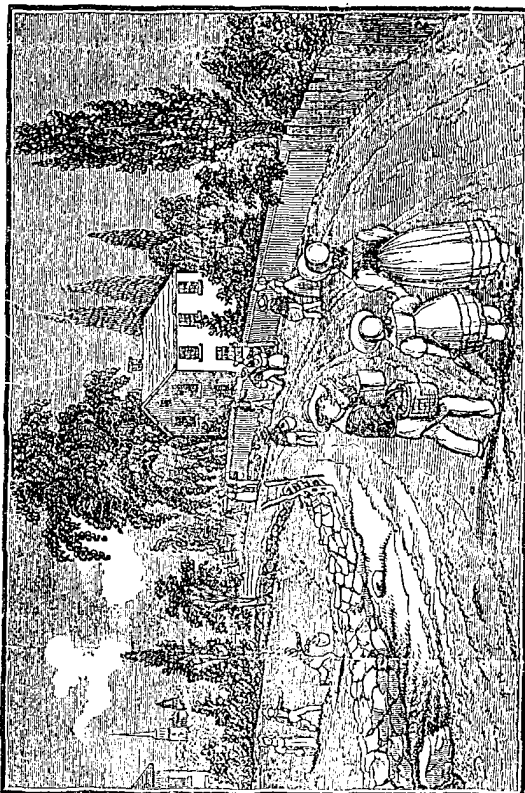
"Yes, He is better to us than we deserve, Lucy, and I think He has no favorites, for He sends the rain alike on the just and on the unjust."

"That is true, sister, and reminds me of last summer, when I was so wicked as to think papa and mamma did not love me as they did you; when I thought you was the favorite, and used to get more smiles and kisses than myself, but I think very different now; I see it was all my own selfishness and jealousy that caused it."

The face of Lucy was pale and languid, she having just been raised from a bed of sickness, which

had robbed her cheek of its bloom, and her eye of its brightness; yet she had been raised a better and a happier girl. She was not actuated now by the promptings of a selfish heart, or led away from the paths of virtue and peace, by her own obstinacy. She had seen her fond mother watch night after night by her couch, with sleepless eyes and an anxious countenance, ministering to her every want, and ever ready to pour the balm of consolation into her wounded heart; and it was then she felt her own sinfulness in doubting that mother's love, and causing her so many hours of bitterness and grief. After her recovery, Lucy soon found by a life of obedience and love, that it was difficult to tell which was her *Mother's Favorite*.

M. A. P.



THE GIPSY PARTY.

"A gypsy party! I wonder what a gypsy party is," said Lucy.

"It is a party to have a supper out of doors," said Royal. "We'll go, Lucy; we'll certainly go. I should like to see a gypsy supper."

"Yes," said Lucy, "if mother will let us. I'll go directly and ask her."

Lucy went and showed her note to her mother. Her mother seemed much pleased with it, and she said that Lucy might go.

"And Royal too?" asked Lucy.

"Why,—yes," said her mother, with some hesitation. "I suppose that I must let Royal go, since he is invited; but it is rather dangerous to admit boys to such parties."

"Why, mother?" said Lucy.

"Because," replied her mother, "boys are more rough in their play than girls, and they are very apt to be rude and noisy."

Lucy went back to the door, and told Royal that their mother said that they might go.

"But she thinks," added Lucy, "that perhaps you will be noisy."

"O, no," said Royal, "I will be as still as a mouse."

Just then, Royal and Lucy saw a little girl, dressed very neatly, walking along towards their house. As she came nearer, Lucy saw it was Marielle, her old playmate at the school where Lucy first became acquainted with Mary Jay. Marielle advanced towards the house, looking at Lucy with a very pleasant smile. Royal went and opened the gate for her.

"How do you do, Lucy?" said Marielle.

Lucy did not answer, but looked at Marielle with an expression of satisfaction and pleasure upon her countenance.

"Are you going to Mary Jay's gypsy party to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes, and Royal too," replied Lucy. "Are you going?"

"Yes, I am going, and Harriet, and Jane, and Laura Jones, and little Charlotte, and one or two others. My brother is going, too, and William Jones. And we are all going to carry something in baskets to eat."

"Why, what is that for?" asked Royal.

"Why, you see," she replied, "Mary Jay is going away in two or three days, and is not coming back for a year; and so she invited us to come and pay her a farewell visit,—all of us that she used to teach in the school. And my mother thought that, as she was going away so soon, she must be very busy; and so she sent me to go and ask her not to make any preparation herself, but to let us all bring things in our baskets; and then she could put them on the table and arrange them after we got there."

"And what did she say?" asked Lucy.

"Why, she laughed, and said it was a funny way to give a party, to have the guests bring their suppers with them. But, then, pretty soon she said that we might do so; and she told me to say to my mother that she was very much obliged to her indeed."

"Well," said Royal, "let's go in and tell mother about it."

So the children went in and told their mother, and she said that she thought it was an excellent plan, and that she would give them a pie and some cake, and a good bottle of milk, for their share.

Royal, Lucy, and Marielle, went together; and, as they reached the house, they found a boy in the yard, who told them that Mary Jay was at her seat down beyond the garden.

As they drew near the place where they were to come in sight of the little pond of water, they heard the sound of voices; and, after a few steps more, they caught a glimpse of something white through the trees. They walked on, and presently they came in sight of a pretty long table, just beyond the pond, upon a flat piece of grass ground, up a little from the pond, and under the trees. The table was surrounded with girls moving about in all directions. Some were opening their baskets, some were hanging up their bonnets upon the branches of the trees, and several were standing around Mary Jay, who was seated at the head of the table, upon a chair, with her feet upon a small cricket, and a crutch lying down by her side.

"O, there they are," said Lucy, as soon as she saw them; and she began to run. Royal followed, carrying the provisions.

"Ah, Royal," said Mary Jay, "I am glad you have come; for I want you to help William make us a fireplace to roast our apples and corn. It would not be a gypsy supper without some cooking."

"A fireplace?" said Royal; "I don't know how to make a fireplace."

"O, it is only a gypsy fireplace," replied

Mary Jay; "and that is very easy to make. All you have to do is to cut two crotched sticks, and drive them down into the ground, about as far apart as you can reach; and then cut a green pole, and lay across from one to the other. Then we can build our fire upon one side, and stand our ears of corn against the pole, on the other; and so they will roast. Only we must turn them."

"Well," said Royal; "but where shall I get an axe?"

"You will have to go up to the house and get the axe. You will find one in the shed, just beyond the water post."

So Royal and William went off after the axe, while the girls were all busy, some about the table, taking out the various stores and arranging them; others rambling about in the paths around, looking at Mary Jay's stone seat, or playing with the pebble-stones on the margin of the water.

In a short time, Royal returned; and he and William began to look around, among the small trees, for two with branches which would form a crotch.

"Here is one, Royal," said a gentle voice, at a little distance through the trees.

Royal turned, and saw that Marielle had found one for him. He went to it, to look at it.

"Will that do?" said she.

"Yes, indeed," said Royal; "it is a beautiful crotch."

In fact, it did look very beautiful and regular. The two branches diverged equally from the main stem below, so as to give the fork a very symmetrical form. Royal cut it down. Then he cut off the main stem about a foot from the crotch, and then the two branches a few inches above. He carried it to Mary Jay, to show her what a beautiful crotch he had got, for one.

"And now," said he, "where shall we make our fireplace?"

"O, any where about here, where there is a level place; you and William can find a place. Marielle may help you."

So they began to look about for a place. They found a very good place near the brook, and not very far from the table. Royal began to drive down the crotch. But here he soon found difficulty. The two branches of the fork diverged equally from the main stem, and of course, when the point was set into the ground, neither of them was directly over it; so that, when Royal struck upon one of them, the tendency of the blow was to beat the stake over upon one side, and if he struck upon the other branch, it beat it over upon the other side. In a word, it would not drive.

"Strike right in the middle of the crotch," said William.

Royal did so. This seemed to do better at first; but the axe did not strike fair, as the head of it, in this case, went down into the wedge-shaped cavity between the branches, instead of finding any solid resistance to fall upon. And after a few blows, the branches were split asunder by the force of the axe wedging itself between them; and there was, of course, an end of the business.

"O dear me!" said Royal, with a long sigh, as he stopped from his work, & leaned upon his axe.

As he looked up, he saw an old man, on the other side of the brook, with a sickle in his hand, who had been down in a field at his work, and who was now returning. He had seen Royal driving the stake as he was passing along.

"The trouble is, boy," said the old man, "that you have not got the right sort of crotch. The arms of it branch off both sides."

"I thought it was better for that," said Royal.

"No," said the man; "it looks better, perhaps, but it won't drive. Get one where the main stem grows up straight, and the crotch is made by a branch which grows out all on one side. Then you can drive on the top of the main stem."

"O yes," said Royal, "I see."

"Besides," said the old man, "if that is the place that you have chosen for your fire, I don't think that it is a very good one."

"Why not?" said Royal.

"Why, the smoke," replied the old man, "will drift right down upon the tables. It is generally best to make smokes to leeward."

So saying, the old man turned around, and walked slowly away.

"What does he mean by making smokes to leeward?" asked a little girl who was standing near. It was Charlotte.

"I know," said Royal; "let us see,—which way is the wind?" And he began to look around upon the trees, to see which way the wind was blowing.

"Yes, I see," he added. "It blows from here directly towards the table; we should have smoked them all out. We must go around to the other side of the brook, and then the smoke will be blown away. But first we must go, William, and get some more crotched stakes."

So Royal and William went looking about after more stakes. They tried to find them of such a character as the old man had described; and this was easy; for it was much more common for a single branch to grow off upon one side, leaving the main stem to go up straight, than for such a fork to be produced as Marielle had found. Marielle seemed to be sorry that her fork had proved so unsuitable; but Royal told her that it was no matter. He said that hers was a great deal handsomer than the others, at any rate, although it would not drive.

They found suitable crotches very easily, and drove them into the ground. Then they cut a pole, and laid it across, and afterwards built a fire upon one side of it; and by the time that the other preparations were ready for their supper, they had a good hot fire, and were ready to put the ears of corn down to roast.

The children had a very fine time eating their supper. Some stood at the table; and some carried their cakes and their blueberries away, and sat, two or three together, under the trees, or on the rocks. Lucy went to Mary Jay's seat, and took possession of that. They made little conical cups of large maple leaves, which they formed by bringing the two wings of the leaf together and pinning them; and then the stem served as a little handle below. They were large enough to hold two or three spoonfuls of blueberries.

They had milk to drink too, and water, which they got from a spring not far from Mary Jay's seat.—*Lucy at Play.*

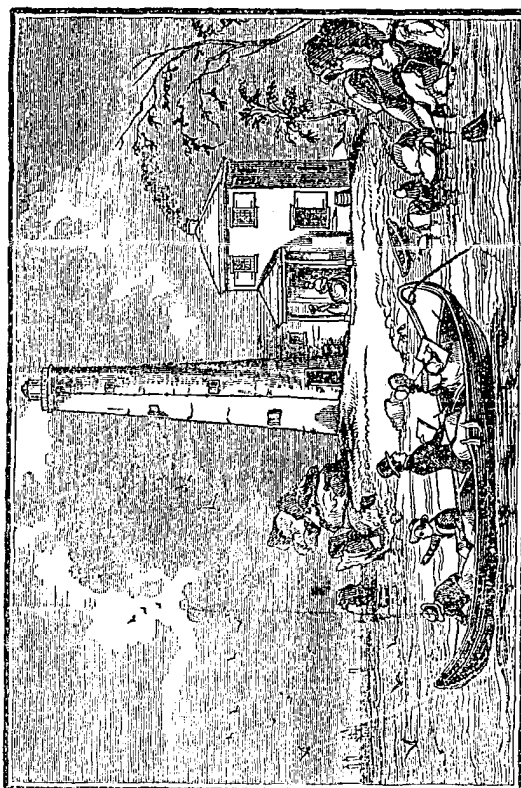


THE GRAPES OF ESCHOL.

When the children of Israel in their journey through the wilderness came to Paran, near the southern part of Canaan, God commanded Moses to send a man from every tribe to search the land of promise. Moses accordingly commissioned one of each tribe to visit and examine the land; and to bring a report of the men, the cities, the soil and the fruits. These spies entered Canaan through the wilderness of Zin, near the south western shore of the Dead sea. They passed up west of the Jordan, as far north as Rehob, supposed to be at the foot of Anti-Libanus, and returned by a westerly route. On their return to Hebron, "they came unto the brook Eschol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff. The place was called the brook Eschol, because of the cluster of grapes, which the children of Israel cut down from thence." Num. 13: 23, 24. The Hebrew word Eschol means a cluster of grapes, so that the brook and the valley were named from the cluster borne from thence to Moses.

The Jews cultivated vineyards, and some of the most beautiful parables and illustrations of the sacred volume are drawn from this branch of husbandry. Vineyards were generally planted on the side of hills and mountains, because the soil and location proved best adapted to the luxuriance of the vine. From this fact is drawn that beautiful parable in Isa. 5: 1—7, where the children of Israel are called "a vineyard in a very fruitful hill." Vineyards were hedged in, dug over with the mattock, towers were erected in them for the keepers, and a wine vat built for treading out and receiving the wine.

The season of vintage which occurred from August to October, was the most joyful portion of the year. With great shoutings the grapes were plucked and carried to the press, into which they were thrown and trodden out, usually by five men. The treading was performed with singing and musical instruments; and the treaders, with garments reddened with the juice, as they jumped, exclaimed, "ho up, ho up." That splendid description of the Messiah in Isa. 63: 1—6, where he is represented as coming from Edom and Bozrah with garments dyed in his own blood, and is said to be glorious in his apparel, is taken from the treading of the wine-press. Vintage, gleaning, and treading the wine-press, are often used figuratively in the Scriptures, and signify battles and great slaughter. Jer. 48: 32.—*Biblical Journal*.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The light house was upon a little island connected with the main land by a low tongue of sand. The landing-place for boats was round on the farther side from where they were coming in the boat, so that they had to go entirely around it. The front part of the island was rocky. It would have been difficult to land here, as it was exposed to the swell of the sea, and the surf broke upon it with great force. At this time, indeed, it was comparatively very calm on the water, so that there was very little swell. Still it would have been somewhat dangerous to have attempted to land there; and Mr. St. John steered round, entirely outside of the rocks, where the water was very smooth. As they passed around, the girls had beautiful views of the light-house, on every side of it. Marielle said that she thought it would be a very good drawing-lesson.

"Yes," said Mr. St. John, "you might sit here in the boat and draw it."

"Well, sir," said Lucy, "I should like a picture of a lighthouse which was made in a boat."

"We'll go on a little way," said Mr. St. John, "till we find the best point of view."

Mr. St. John went on a short distance farther, and then the rocks opened in such a way that they had a fine view of the light-house, and the dwelling-house at the foot of it, with the rocks and trees around; and Mr. St. John said that it would be an excellent point of view. The light-house keeper's wife was sitting under the porch, on a bench, knitting. Lucy said she meant to put her into her picture.

They took out their drawing materials, and continued drawing here for half an hour. Mr. St. John sat between Lucy and Marielle, and gave them his advice and direction. He took Lucy's pencil very often, and helped her. Marielle looked over, and, by seeing him draw Lucy's picture, she learned how to draw her own. Thus, they were going on very well, until, at length, Lucy's was nearly finished, and Marielle's about half done; for, as Lucy herself did very little to hers, and Mr. St. John nearly the whole, it advanced faster than Marielle's.

At length, Lucy began to be tired of drawing there; and, besides, she recollected that she wanted a drink of water.

"Then," said Mr. St. John, "we will put you ashore, and you can go up to the lighthouse, and ask the woman for a drink of water, while Marielle finishes her drawing; and I will finish yours, while you are gone."

"Well, sir," said Lucy.

So Marielle stopped drawing, and the boys put out their oars, and rowed towards the shore. They landed Lucy in the cove, on a little sandy landing-place, and then they went back again to their station, while Lucy climbed up to the grass ground above the rocks, and made her way towards the house singing.

"Who's coming there?" said old Mrs. Star, as Lucy approached. "Is that you, Lucy?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Where's your mother?" said the woman.

"Mother isn't here. I came in a boat," said Lucy. "We've been drawing you."

"Drawing me! child? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, we're making a picture of the light-house, and of your house, and of you sitting at the door, knitting."

The old lady smiled, and asked who were in the boat; and Lucy told her. She seemed to be much interested to hear about the drawing, and said that she wished she could see the pictures when they were done.

"I'm sorry you can't see," said Lucy. "How long have you been blind?"

"Four or five years," said the woman.

"Can't you see at all?" asked Lucy.

"No," replied the woman, "only just to tell day from night. I can tell when the sun shines, and when it is cloudy."

Here there was a pause. Lucy looked at the woman with a countenance of concern, and then said,—

"I should think you had better get some spectacles."

"Dear soul," said the woman, "spectacles wouldn't do me any good."

"Why, did you ever try them?" said Lucy.

"No," said the woman.

"Then you can't be sure," said Lucy, "unless you have tried."

"Why, child," said the woman, "spectacles are good for the sight; but they won't help eyes that haven't got any sight in them at all."

"I mean to ask Lady Jane to lend me hers, the next time I come down, and let you try," said Lucy. "It will not do any harm to try."

"No, no, child! nonsense," said Mrs. Star. "But I'll tell you what to do. Can you read?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Then bring down one of your little story-books, and read me a story."

"Well," said Lucy, "I will. We've got some books; only they're Marielle's; but she will let me bring one down, I know."

"Where is Marielle?" said the woman.

"O, she's out in the boat," replied Lucy, "finishing her drawing."

"What made you come ashore without her?" said the woman.

"Why, I wanted some water to drink. Have you got any water in your house?"

"Yes," said the woman; "I'll give you some water; but you must go and get it yourself."

"Where is the water?" asked Lucy.

"It is down cellar," said the woman, "in a barrel."

"In a barrel?" repeated Lucy.

"Yes," said the woman; "go into the house, and look on the dresser."

"The dresser?" said Lucy. "What is a dresser?"

"Why, don't you know what a dresser is, child? It is the shelves where I keep my dishes. The dresser is at the back side of the kitchen. Look on the second shelf, by the window, and you'll find a mug. It's next to my wooden bowl. Then you must open the door by the side of the fireplace, and you'll see the cellar stairs. Right at the foot of the stairs you'll see a barrel painted red, with a plug in the end of it. You must pull out the plug; then the water will run. You can hold your mug under, and catch as much as you want, and then put in the plug again."

Lucy having received these directions, went timidly into the house. She felt somewhat uncertain how she should accomplish so delicate an operation; and, if the old lady had not been blind, she would have asked her to go down and get the water for her. But, as she was so blind, she thought she might fall down the cellar stairs; and so she concluded that it was better for her to go herself. She accordingly went in, while the woman remained at her place knitting, and listening to Lucy's footsteps.

She heard her go to the dresser, and take the mug, and then open the cellar door. She heard her footsteps distinctly, as she slowly and cautiously went down, one step after another, until she reached the foot of the stairs. Then there was a long pause.

"Can't you get the plug out?" asked the old woman, in a loud voice.

There was no answer. Perhaps Lucy did not hear.

"Work it a little back and forth, and then it will come out," said the blind woman.

Here there was another pause; and then pretty soon she thought she heard the running of the water into the mug; but just as she was beginning to think that the sound continued rather too long, she heard an outcry, in Lucy's voice, coming up from the cellar.

"O dear me! O dear me! all your water is spilling."

The old woman jumped up, went into the house, walked rapidly across the floor with her arms extended before her, reached the cellar stairs, and descended, and before Lucy had time to think what was to be done, she took hold of the head of the barrel with one hand, and put the thumb of the other hand, in an instant, over the hole from which the water was issuing. The stream was stopped at once.

"Where's the plug child?" said the woman.

"Here," said Lucy; and she put the plug into the hand which the woman extended to receive it. Mrs. Star put the plug into the hole, and crowded it in hard.

"Have you got enough in your mug?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy; "only I'm very sorry I've spilt so much of your water."

"O, that's no matter," said she; "there's plenty more."

"But what do you have your water in a barrel for?" said Lucy. "Why don't you have a well, or a pump?"

"What, a well down through these rocks, child?" said the woman.

She went up stairs, Lucy followed her slowly, drinking by the way. When she had drank as much water as she wanted, she put the mug down upon the table, as the woman told her to, and then went out upon the porch, and they began to talk together again.

"We went out to an island," said Lucy, "to find some shells, but we couldn't find many."

"No," said the woman; "there are no shells on these coasts. You must go to the East Indies if you want to find shells."

"Are there a great many shells in the East Indies?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," replied the woman; "I used to have a bag full, that some sailors gave me."

"What did you do with them?" said Lucy.

"I don't know," said the woman. "They are about the house now, somewhere. If I could find them, I would give them to you."

"Well," said Lucy, "I wish you could find them."

"Let me see," said the woman. "Perhaps they are in the back cupboard, on the upper shelf. I'll go and see."

So she rose, and went out with Lucy into a back room where there was a closet. She opened the door, and placed a chair there.

"Now, Lucy, you've got eyes; so you may get up in the chair and look."

Lucy climbed up in the chair.

"Look on the top shelf, farther end. What do you see?"

"I see a box," said Lucy.

"Yes; now, what is there beside the box?"

"There is a tin pail," said Lucy.

"Yes," said the woman; "that's my old pail. There's a hole in the bottom. Is there any thing beyond the pail?"

Lucy reached up, and moved the pail one way and the other; but there was nothing beyond it. On the other end of the shelf there were two or three bundles of herbs, but no bag.

"Then they're lost," said the woman. "At least, if they're not on that shelf, I don't know anything about them. Stop, look in the pail."

It was very fortunate that Mrs. Star happened to think to ask Lucy to look in the pail; for there the bag of shells was, safe. Lucy pulled it out by its string. It was pretty large; as large as a work-bag.

Lucy got down upon the floor, and, resting the bag upon the chair where she had been standing, she pulled the mouth of it open, and looked in.

"O, what beautiful shells!" said she. "Let me pour them all out upon the table."

"No," said Mrs. Star; "you can look at them after you get home. They are for you and your brother Royal together."

"Well," said Lucy. So she thanked Mrs.

Star for the shells, and bade her good afternoon, and then ran along down to the shore. They came in for her, with the boat. She told them the story of the shells, and they showed her their drawings. Lucy was very much pleased with hers. Mr. St. John had finished it in a very beautiful manner. He had not only drawn the old lady sitting in the porch, but Lucy herself also, standing by her side, talking with her. Lucy said that she was very much pleased with her picture, and that she was very much obliged to Mr. St. John for helping her make it. And then they put up all the papers, and the boys rowed them home. —*Lucy on the Seashore.*

THE MOURNER.

"It is very lonely, mother," murmured a fair haired, lovely girl, as she rested upon the sofa one evening, "it is lonely now, and the nights seem very long. Shall I never see father more?"

"Yes, my love, you will see him again in a brighter world than this."

"But this is a fair world, said the little girl, "I love to run and play in the sunshine; and pick the water cresses from the brooks; and when the weather is a little warmer, I shall go down and gather the blue-eyed violet, that father said was like me."

"Too like, I fear," said the mother, as the crystal tear trembled on the drooping lid.—
"But my dear child, there is a fairer world than this, where flowers never fade; where clouds never hide the light of that glorious sky; for the glory of Him whose name is Love, beams brightly and forever in those golden courts; the trees which grow on the banks of the river which waters that blessed place, never fade as they do in this world, and when friends meet there, they will be parted no more, but sing hymns of praise to God and the Lamb forever!"

"And shall I go to that happy place when I die? and will you go home with me?" said the little child.

"Yes," said the mother, "we shall both go in God's own time; when he calls us from this life, we shall dwell in his presence."

It was but a little while, and the mother bent over the grave of this pale flower of intellect, withered by the untimely frost of death. But was she alone, when, in twilight shade, she sat upon the grassy mound, where the deep and yearning hopes of that fond heart were gathered in oblivious silence!—
Oh, no. The soft and silvery tones of buried love whispered in the breeze that lifted the drooping flowers o'ercharged with dewy tears of night. The diamond stars, that one by one came forth upon their shining watch, seemed beaming with the light of that deathless flame, which burned undimmed upon the inmost shrine of her heart; and she enjoyed, in the holy hours of solitude, that communion of pure spirits, which our exalted faith can bestow.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me; for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had, been knitting me a pair of garters to give me on my birth-day. I turned back, opened the door of her little room, and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed clothes, and I was afraid it would wake her. Half blinded, I groped down stairs.

Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up, and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer, she cried out aloud to me. That cry has rung in my ears ever since; ay! in my very dreams!

As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he had murdered his brother. My father, my mother and my sister had been kind to me; but I had been unkind to them, and in leaving them thus, I felt as if I was murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was a robber! I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing that from them that the whole world could not make up to them; yet on I went.

The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb them. The birds are singing among the high elm trees by the church. I wonder whether they are the same birds! There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel that there is no home for me.

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat; but my father is not sitting there. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bed-room window; my mother is not looking out of it now. That cry! that cry!

I see how it is. They are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor the fences fall down; and my mother and my sister never stuffed that hat through the broken pane.

I will rap at the door, anyhow! Nobody stirs. All is as silent as the grave. I will peep in at the window. It is an empty house, that is clear. Ten long years! How could I expect it to be otherwise! I can bear hard work, and hunger and thirst; but I cannot bear this!

The rose bush is in blossom as it was when I ran away; and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running up to the window that my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now, loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she would hear me.

It is of no use stopping here! I will cross the churchyard, and see if the clerk lives where he did; but he would not know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away; but the sun has made it of another color. This is a new gate. How narrow the path is between the graves! it used to be wider, at least I thought so; no matter! The old sun-dial I see is standing there yet.

The last time I was in that church, my father was with me; and the text was, "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. i. 8. O what a curse do we bring upon us when we despise God's holy word!

My uncle lies under the yew tree there, and he had a gravestone. Here it is. It is written all over now, quite to the bottom: "*In memory of Humphrey Haycroft.*" But what is the name under? "*Walter Haycroft!*" My father! my father! and "*Mary his wife.*" O my mother! and are you both gone? God's hand is heavy upon me! I feel it in my heart and soul!

And there's another name yet, and it is freshly cut, "*Esther Haycroft, their daughter, aged 24.*" My father! my mother! and my sister! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked? I deserved it. What is the world to

THE RUNAWAY'S RETURN.

Well! here am I, after my night's walk, once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now, and shining brightly. Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at that corner; and where is Carver's cottage?

Three days ago, I landed at Portsmouth. It was on my birth-day. For ten long years have I been sailing about on the sea, and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man now; but for all that I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems but as yesterday since I ran away from home. It was the worst day's work that I ever did. I got up in the morning at sun-rise, while my father and my mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been unkind to my dear mother and undutiful to my father, and the day before he had told me how wrong I was. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it. I thought I would leave home.

My father coughed as I crept along by his door, and I thought that I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment with my little bundle in my hand holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every quarter of the world.

me now? I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobedience; the words come home to me now: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Prov. xxx. 17.

But yet I recollect how my dear father and mother used to point us to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. "There is no refuge besides," said my mother: "Christ is able and willing to save." I paid but little attention to these words once: O, may I never forget them now.- *Youth's Friend*.